

WASHINGTON CRITIC

HAWKINS, COWEN & BOWRETT.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE SUNDAY CRITIC.

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THE CRITIC.

Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 27, 1890

TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Although, Fifteenth and E streets—

Fanny Davenport in "La Tosca."

National, Pennsylvania avenue, near

Fourteenth street—Francis Wilson in "The

Cohet."

Bijou, Ninth street and Louisiana ave-

nue—"The Fakir."

Keweenaw, Eleventh and C streets—Rents

Saville Burlesque Company.

Globe, Pennsylvania avenue, near Eleventh

street—Variety.

first keep it undisturbed, and puts in the remainder of its existence trying to convince everyone that it is resting on the ground somewhere. The one is positive independence; the other negative. To be successful in negative independence it is necessary to say as little as possible about everything and to speak of no one who might have the power to retaliate. To be successful in positive independence the lines between right and wrong must be sharply and constantly drawn, and blows must be struck at men and things which the hurry and imperfect judgment of the moment may render false. Then it becomes the duty of positive independence to retract or make every reparation possible. A positively independent journal is often accused of being foolhardy; a negatively independent one is more likely to seem foolish. The Critic will be positively independent. It is its honest purpose. Every just grievance may call upon its columns for a hearing. Every good cause will have its enthusiastic support. Its opinions can neither be bought nor bullied. Its mistakes will be confessed the instant it sees them. It will lay no pretense to consistency, since consistency is only possible to unspokeable Nature. If the people of Washington do not care for this sort of journalism the present management of The Critic will soon go out of business.

GOOD BY, LOUISIANA LOTTERY.

THE CRITIC cannot boast the business patronage of its contemporaries. It inherited from the Capital, however, a profitable advertisement, which they, in their wisdom, do not object to publishing. It is the advertisement of the Louisiana State Lottery. The Critic rejects, and to-day returns to the honorable gentlemen who preside over the wheel at New Orleans the difference between the amount of their premature check for the month and what the Capital should receive for the twenty-one insertions of January up to date. The Critic admits its inability to mark the distinction between the Louisiana Lottery and a public gambling den. It would not publish the advertisement of a gambler. It refuses to publish the advertisement of the Louisiana Lottery. Public lottery is a public vice. Neither legislative franchise nor the good will of patrons can justify it. The Critic is going to prove its position, too.

THE FAIR AND THE PARTIES.

Here is a hint of what would happen if Congress should locate the World's Fair in New York. The New York Times yesterday said:

Should the State of New York now fall to secure from Congress the selection of the City of New York as the site of the World's Fair of 1892, it is perfectly evident that, so far as Washington will have anything to do with the matter, it will be to the interference and hostility of the Republican party in the State of New York.

It is logical, then, to conclude that should Congress choose New York as the site of the Democratic party in that State would claim a triumph.

Whichever way the matter is decided it is manifest that, so far as New York is concerned, partisan politics is going to be a consideration paramount to the real purpose of the great memorial fair.

The more the people of this land consider the fact that 1892 will be a year of political holding in New York; the more they contemplate the spectacle of a lot of cheap politicians using this memorial for their petty ends, the more unsafe it will be for the present Congress to locate the fair in such an atmosphere.

CHICAGO'S CLAIMS.

What if Chicago is the big city of the Mississippi Valley and the centre of the country? What if it is ready to expend millions and build a tower higher than the Eiffel with a pile-driver? If the Government is to charter a World's Fair the seat of Government is the place for it. If the nation is to participate in an exhibition of its own making, its national, and not its geographical, centre, should contain it. No other country has quibbled over this expediency. England did not raise her Crystal Palace at Manchester; Austria did not erect her Rotunde at Linz; France never for a moment thought of holding her exhibitions at Dijon. Yet all these cities might have advanced pretenses similar to those of Chicago.

Chicago's magnificent interest in the World's Fair is not patriotic; it is not national. It is speculative, entirely. It is the interest of business men, of railroad jobbers, of real estate brokers. It is not stimulated by the public good as by purpose. Money, the great gland of Chicago gratifies, the beginning and end of her efforts in this, as in all projects. She is no more entitled to the World's Fair than she is to the National Museum, which, she possesses, she would charter to Kohl & Middleton for royalty.

THE SUNDAY LAW.

A bill "to prevent persons from being forced to labor on Sunday" is before the House Committee on the District of Columbia. It appears that ex-Attorney for the District Riddle made the discovery, alarming to some and astonishing to all, that the Federal District was without a Sunday law. The zeal of those worthy persons who believe that the morals and habits of a great people can be regulated by statute was aroused, and a determined effort is being made to secure the passage of a comprehensive and far-reaching act designed to prevent any secular labor or business in the District on Sunday, except "works of necessity or mercy." The bill provides punishment for both laborer or employer with equal impartiality.

A proper and practical Sunday law is not objectionable, but the most effective Sunday laws are those which prevent the wild license of a mining camp on the one hand, and avoid the harsh and narrow restrictions of the Puritan on the other.

Thus while the store, the shop, the saloon and the factory should be closed on Sunday, the institutions of literature, science and art could be left open to the disfigurement of few and the benefit of all.

There are thousands of men and women in Washington to whom these erotic mysteries. The

employees of the Government are kept at their tasks from 9 o'clock in the morning until 4 in the afternoon six days in the week. The institutions described are opened and closed at the same hours. Hence the Department clerks and employees have rare and scant opportunities to enjoy and profit by the stores with which the National Capital is crowded.

The employees of private firms and corporations work longer hours than those who toil for Uncle Sam, and, consequently, have less opportunity to visit these places. The Congressmen and the heads of bureaux and Departments, employers generally, and the rich and the idle, can choose the time most convenient to themselves to make their visits. But to the industrious poor, men and women, such a time never comes. It is for them. The Critic pleads.

THE LASH IN POLITICS.

Whatever the Illinois factions may say or do, Senator Farwell is to be respected for having stood by his old friend. If any Republican in Illinois deserved the Marshfield it was Colonel Amos C. Babcock. Nor was it his association with Senator Farwell and Colonel Taylor in the Texas State House deal that swayed the Administration in the matter. A deeper policy of revenge, which is going to keep on striking at the Washington influence of Senator Farwell, though ever so subtly, was at the bottom of Colonel Babcock's defeat. The defection of '84 is not forgotten. Conferences and promises can never heal the wound it inflicted. The justice of the fight can never plead for it in the secret heart of the vanquished.

If there is one man in Illinois who should back Colonel Babcock and then resent his rejection as a party and a personal affront, that man is Senator Farwell.

The two have been intimate in business and politics the major part of their lives. Colonel Babcock began urging Mr. Farwell toward the seat he now occupies in the Capitol as early as the Davis campaign. Both his influence and his personal friendship have been given, since the days of Lincoln, have been given freely to insure Republican dominance in the State. He was chairman of the Central Committee in doubtful campaigns, which his liberality and energy alone made successful. He was never an office-holder, nor an office-seeker. It was well-known that during the periods of his party influence he would not accept so much as a conference favor or a railroad pass. His defeat is a lesson of the party lash; his punishment an object lesson in political slavery. Had he submitted to the betrayal of a certain member of the Garfield household and fallen humbly into line in the State Convention of '84, he would be in the crumbling Federal building of Clark street to-day, if he desired. For the sake of independent politics, it is too bad that Colonel Babcock has not the fire of twenty years ago. However, he conceals more lightning than any small-sized human dynamo in the West. Nor is Senator Farwell a mere conspirator of opera bouffe.

NAMING "THE CRITIC."

Gentle reader, do you ever name a newspaper? Probably you never did, else you would not be a gentle reader. Naming a newspaper is a task that can knock more solid chunks of gentleness out of a man's system in a day than he can accumulate in a whole army of years. It is both more and more to name a baby, when grandmas and grandpas, aunts and uncles, open friends and secret enemies troop in, each with an article of advice. The name you have last settled upon, but naming a baby is like naming a newspaper, like being caught out on the prairie late at night by a Dakota blizzard.

The new publishers of The Critic have come out of the desperate struggle of naming the paper, by they have come out with tattered souls and lacerated inner consciousnesses. If they could lay their psychic parts before you, sweet reader, you would think you were looking upon a map of a desolate island, which had been traversing business with an enthusiastic cyclone.

First the publishers agreed that they did not like the name Capital for the evening edition, and in their innocence supposed that, having planked up their money for the institution, they were going to be able to name it to please themselves. That's where the publishers aforesaid had innocency to spare. The wealthy and aristocratic printer came in and swooped down upon the poor but proud publishers, saying that the name Capital for the evening edition was the name of the evening edition, and in their innocence supposed that, having planked up their money for the institution, they were going to be able to name it to please themselves. That's where the publishers aforesaid had innocency to spare. 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